ART NEWS AND REVIEWS---PICTURES OF THE WEST IN KEEN DEMAND

Taos Colony Has Exhibits at Several Galleries Here

Walter Ufer's and William P. Henderson's Works to Be Seen—Walcot's Etching and Watercolor Manners Are Much the Same.

By HENRY McBRIDE.

THE Taos Society opening at the Howard Young Galleries last week, the Walter Ufer (of Taos) exhibition opening in the Milch Galleries this week and the William P. Henderson exhibition (from Taos) opening to-morrow in Mrs. Albert Sterner's Galleries—it appears to be a concerted action. There can be no doubt that organization helps wonderfully. The Taos Society reports that everybody seems to want Western pictures and that they cannot begin to supply the demand. That may perhaps be. Allowing for the natural optimism of artists it may be conceded that there is a real enough demand for Western pictures, especially in the West. Without succumbing tumultuously in the East to the appeal, it is nevertheless possible for many of us in the East to be pleased that it should be so.

For the West must begin somewhere, and it is high time they began. They may begin with dilutions—just as a good dinner begins with soup, but certainly there is no harm in that. Why I remain calm in the face of this Western onslaught is that I feel so little of the real West in it. Mr. Ufer and his other associates now sojourning in Taos do not give us the West so much as they give us their own portraits in the act of adjusting themselves to the West.

They succeed best, just as Thomas Moran and Bierstadt did in the extremely early days, with the landscape end of their tasks. They show us their houses and glimpses of the hills. Occasionally a stolid Indian maiden in the guise of a domestic servant enters with a tray into a room made comfortable with all the modern appliances. Sometimes the maiden sits with her husband or affianced beneath a tree in the glaring noon hour, but it is impossible to get wildly excited about anything these poor creatures do in the pictures. The artists themselves, I suspect, look upon

"NIGHT PROCESSION, PENITENTES" by WILLIAM P. HENDERSON
COURTESY of MRS. ALBERT STERNER

them patronizingly. It is quite natural that they should, seeing them so kicked about and so secondary in the social scheme. But it is not from such casual contacts with life that thrilling art is made.

The mere numbers of the colony at Taos aid in focusing the public attention upon the artist's performance and in inciting in return the artists to their best efforts. They all seem to be gaining in enthusiasm, and Mr. Ufer, particularly, seems to be defining a method for himself. But no one among the Eastern men who have gone West has entered so completely into the Western scheme of things as the late Frederick Remington did years ago. Mr. Ufer has a more showy technique as a painter, but he is not one, two, three with Remington in reporting life. Remington of course fell into the mad, wild circles of the genuine cowboys, recruited from the ends of the world, and mentally he was one with them.

The West then, so to speak, was more East than it is now. Now it has settled down. There are people now in the West who have been born in the West. They have their own problems and their own viewpoints, and from themselves ultimately will spring the artists who will do their histories. The atmosphere created by Taos, aided by the museums that are springing up in all these Western centers, will aid greatly in fixing a standard. Taos serves. In fact, since we must have these artistic colonies apparently Taos must be labeled as the most praiseworthy of all.

The Manner of William Walcot.

The etching manner and the watercolor manner of William Walcot, an Englishman, now exhibiting in the Knoedler Galleries, have more in common than the merely deriving from the same artist should warrant. The two mediums are as different as different can be, but evidently Mr. Walcot doesn't think so. His water colors are astonishingly like etchings and his etchings, in spite of the fact that he sticks pretty closely to the bitten line and shuns enveloping tones, are mighty like watercolors.

He has been, it seems, in love with the grandeurs of ancient Rome and such things as the Baths of Caracalla and the Coliseum have occupied him greatly. A friend of his, Mr. Salaman of London, has thought that Mr. Walcot's "imagination works creatively, and he has filled up, as it were, anew, the gaps of centuries." There Mr. Salaman's imagination has also been working creatively. Mr. Walcot doesn't really fill up the gaps of centuries. The gaps of centuries serve useful purposes and never should be filled up, at least, not by artists.

That I think is where Mr. Froude got into difficulties with his sketch of "Cæsar." He filled in the gaps of centuries and made Cæsar seem precisely like one of our Chicago business men, and the sensitive reader doesn't enjoy coming to any such conclusion as that. Mr. Walcot, it is true, furnishes us the old Baths of Caracalla and relines the now crumbling brick arches with the original mosaics, but the drama of life that enacted itself before these gorgeous walls is rather cavalierly grossed over. He tells us that the mighty Romans were but midgets within the gigantic temples that they built for themselves, but beyond that he might as well be an abstract member of the modern school, so little does he insist upon filling up the gaps. For my part I am the better pleased. One Alma Tadema was enough for this period.

The artist has come to New York with his pictures and has already essayed the giant structures in the lower part of the city. His work is always cool—I should have also said in the beginning that it was clever—but the New York pictures are very cool. New York is the modern Rome—we may as well modestly admit it—and it can easily be understood that an artist who has been doing Baths of Caracalla with the help of the encyclopedias might be somewhat dashed at the first sight of our freshly gilded and brightly mosaiced towers. He may warm to them later.

Newest Tendencies In World of Art

The New Gallery on Madison avenue, the Joseph Brummer Gallery and the Daniel Gallery all present new collections of modernist art and exploit the latest tendencies. All three exhibitions contain spirited work which, however, bring forward no new facet of the modern viewpoint.

The New Gallery deserves first notice and doubtless will be first visited by questing students simply because it is new. It brings a real whiff of Paris to New York, since it gives us the work not only of Matisse, Derain and Dufy, but of a lot of new people with difficult names who appear to have derived spiritual sustenance at the Cafe de la Rotonde. Among these are Guy Bertin, David Burliuk, Boris Grigoriev, Lado Goudiachvili, Moïse Kisling, Ladislas Medgyes, Jan Rubczak and Amedee Modigliani. The gallery walls are tinted in the palest of grays and the brilliant colors of the new school have the effectiveness of stained glass.

Modigliani, who died two years ago in Paris from the hardships attending his *lutte* against poverty, stands out with Grigoriev, from this throng. His "French Officer" is aggressively and unidealy decorative, and his "Reveuse" is most tenderly painted. Grigoriev has an intellectual line and intellectual color, with the big of grasp that we expect but do not always get from a Russian. Goudiachvili submits a "Georgian Holiday" in which some of his countrymen loll at an outdoor cafe table. It looks like a Balieff episode seen in a distorting mirror, for all the *dramatis personæ*, including the horses attached to a distant fiacre have long drawnout torsos, like dachshunds. It is undeniably clever. Perhaps that is its fault.

The Matisse group includes "Le Jeun Marin" seen here before, and a small "Apres Midi," two ladies reclining upon the turf, that is idyllic, charming. The two Dufy landscapes are more and more musical, and will be as difficult for New Yorkers as any pictures in the collection, for the rank and file of the populace are still unaccustomed to musical pictures. A self-portrait by Lee Simonson, the American, and an embroidered panel by Marguerite Zorach complete the exhibition.

Here are some autobiographical notes in regard to these new men:

Modigliani, as is evident from the powerful modeling of his canvases and drawings, was first of all a sculptor. During the few years while he painted in Paris he suffered the traditional poverty of the painter. He was a frequenter of the Cafe de la Rotonde and was glad to exchange a canvas for a dejeuner. In the brief space of two years since his death he has become famous. His death mask, made by his friend Kisling, in whose arms he died, shows the man's beauty and sensitiveness.

Burliuk, born in the Ukraine, is the father of Russian futurism. He has painted in Japan, Siberia, the South Sea Islands and is an adventurer in spirit. He has just come to America, and it is believed that he will become as well known here as he is in Japan and Russia. He has exhibited successfully in Moscow, Germany, Japan.

Medgyes, a young Czecho-Slovakian, studied at Bucharest. His canvases and drawings, exhibited in Berlin and Paris have attracted considerable attention. He has written much about modern art, is a searcher and shows the analytical trend of the modern French painter.

Lado de Goudiachvili was born in Tiflis in 1896. Three years ago he exhibited there. So profound was the effect of his exhibition that the Government sent him to Paris and supported him there for a time until owing to internal conditions of the Government itself this support ceased. He is one of that stimulating group of modern Russians who gave a group exhibition in Paris a few years ago. This show, called "Mir Isskoustiva" (the world of art), definitely placed the Russians as an important modern group. Following this exhibition the Russians had a separate group exhibition in the Salon d'Automne a year ago.

Grigoriev, born in Moscow in 1896, has an American mother. It is the dream of his life to come to this country. Many of the great galleries in Russia include examples of his work, the significance of which is indicated in his canvases shown in this exhibition.

Rubczak is a Pole. His earlier work is pure impressionism. His colorful canvas here presented indicates his developments into the newer points of view.

The work of Bertin, also a Pole, was all bought by Lebaude, a French amateur. Lebaude died recently. His will (that of a collector who understands) provides that his collection shall not be sold for ten years. Thus Bertin is scarcely known even in Paris. We offer Bertin's work for its genuinely naïf and personal vision, its charm and freshness.

Kisling was born in Cracow in 1891. In 1910 he came to Paris penniless. Sholom Asch, the celebrated Yiddish author, believed in him and collected money to give Kisling a chance to study. The vision of Asch has been justified. Kisling going his own way has progressed steadily, surely, so that he has now reached a definite position as one of the leaders in Paris. Influenced by the intellectual processes of cubism he has nevertheless blazed his own way. He is a painter's painter. His studio is bare of canvases, excepting those on which he is working. Amateurs in Paris buy his work eagerly. His Druet exhibition in 1920 brought him great reclame. Andre Salmon, one of the leading French critics, places him in high rank. It was in his little attic studio in the Rue Barras that Modigliani found shelter and a chance to paint.

PORTRAIT by ANDRE DERAIN
COURTESY DANIEL GALLERY

Cappiello Posters At French Museum

The Cappiello posters liven up the walls of the decorous French Museum in an unwonted manner. It is a long time since such gay colors have been seen there.

These designs should be carefully inspected by the great establishments that advertise. We have no one in this country at present comparable with Cappiello. But we might have. We might induce Cappiello himself to come over, or we might develop the Cappiello quality in some of our latent geniuses. The great point is, and any astute advertiser will see it at once, that Cappiello's designs are brilliantly legible as far as they can be seen. There is no doubt or fumbling in them. The idea is a concrete one in the first place and it is carried out dramatically.

One of the most telling posters is that for "L'Avenir," in which a figure pulls back the black curtain hiding the future.

FANTASIES by WALTER UFER
COURTESY MILCH GALLERIES

The man advertising hats, balancing a lot of them upon his head, is most amusing, and so is the unusual black rifle hat advertises coal. Simple and direct as the drawings are there is always some game in them that is arresting. It's Gallic vivacity, I suppose, but as I said before there's no reason why we should not have some of it over here.

Varied Exhibitions At the Galleries

The classic exhibition of the week is that of the work of Prud'hon in the Wildenstein Gallery. It provides the finest opportunity to gauge the work of this master that we have had. Prud'hon lived in an age when art did not consist exclusively in emotional explosions but depended upon control. Everything in a Prud'hon portrait is religiously controlled but it is none the less vital for all that. The "Monsieur Viardot" is a wonderful work of art from the point of view of placement, from the point of view of drawing, from the point of view of color, from any point of view, in fact. Other times, other manners. There is such obvious charm about the work of Prud'hon that the sentimental among us are always tempted to sigh for those other manners. But what folly to repine! After all, Prud'hon in painting those other manners for those other times, painted also for us. We have him and shall always have him. So strike up the music, friends, and if it pleases you, jazz it somewhat.

The Brummer exhibition emphasizes the work of Maurice Utrillo, Marie Laurencin, Derain, Pascin and Modigliani, and shows also an important group of African negro carvings. The Daniel Gallery collection includes two new and decorative panels by Preston Dickinson, an interesting landscape by Niles Spencer, a new man, an attractive landscape composition by Stuart Davis and a group of charming water colors by Owen Merton.

John Noble, who has his first one man show in this city in the gallery of Frank K. M. Rehn, is one of the most interesting figures among the throng of artists at Provincetown. He appears to be able to be in the throng but not of it. In other works he guards his character intact. He paints beach scenes and marines and seems not only to be penetrated with love of the sea, but to have enough executive ability to carry largish compositions to a conclusion. His two important contributions have a vast amount of detail. The "Moonrise Over Provincetown" contains matter enough to supply most artists with several pictures, yet it is highly successful and one would not wish it otherwise. The color in this and in the "Wake of the Moon" is rich and suggestive.

The Japanese artists exhibiting in the Civic Gallery present a real problem and one, probably, that only they can solve. They paint, as a rule, so amazingly like us. If all the world is to become one State, as some say it is, then the amalgamation of the races and the breaking down of racial traits will not matter, but in the meantime, we still relish best the arts that have their birthplaces stamped upon them. These clever Japanese young men doubtless studied here, where the students worship Cezanne and Renoir, and so they, too, Japanese though they be, worshiped Cezanne and Renoir. One imagines them having difficulties when they eventually return home, explaining the state of high art to their clients and friends. Of them all Yasuo Kuniyoshi has achieved the most individual style, but he, strangely enough, is the one who holds most fast to his Japanese sense of humor. Shimizu has humor, too, much of it—though of a more obvious kind. And it was exceedingly clever of Gado to paint the "Subway Rush Hour" in a cubistic fashion. If ever a subject called for cubism that did.

Russell Cheney, whose debut in the Babcock Galleries last year will be remembered, is now showing there his recent work. Mr. Cheney lived for a time in the Colorado highlands for his health, and in his first show there were some pleasing studies of the mountain tops, charged with considerable feeling. He has now been painting in the comparative lowlands in New England, garden scenes, still lifes, flowers, street scenes and occasionally again some mountain views. He does these well. He may not wish to do mountains and nothing but mountains, but it seems unlikely that the vista, as such, will ever have any terrors for him. He also succeeds with fine old Colonial houses, and the "Gideon Welles House" in the present collection is delightful.

Charles H. Thorndike, who is exhibiting at Kingore's, studied first at Julien's, in Paris with Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant and after that, followed in the wake of the great impressionists, though not with entire conviction, probably, since he afterward forsook them, too, for the Cezannism which he now practices. He is evidently a man of strong emotions and it is also evident that his war experiences—he served in the war—rasped his nerves. His landscapes and architectural pieces are always boldly planned, but they contain jarring notes.

The Garden paintings and garden sculpture in the Farargi Galleries call attention to a form of artistic expression in which we are beginning to vie, at last with the old world. To be rich now is to have a garden, and apparently many of us are rich. Certainly our gardens need celebrating in song and story. And to begin with, we have this exhibition.

Among the notable paintings are: "Flourishing Summer," by [illegible] Davies; "Dahlias," by Samuel Halpert; "Under the Trees," by Maurice B. Prendergast; the "Bowl of Roses," an early example by Weir; the "Plum Blossoms," an excellent Redfield; the "Striped Gown," by F. C. Frieseke, and "Peonies," by W. L. Carrigan. There are bronzes by Lucy Perkins Ripley, E. McCartan, Mahonri Young, Janet Scudder and Paul Manship.

Clara Tice and Winold Reiss are holding down the stage at Anderson's. Miss Tice had the good fortune to induce Mr. Frank Crowninshield to say a word for her art in the catalog to the exhibition, and he thereupon enunciated a truth that cannot be too widely disseminated. It is:

"It has always been a source of wonder to us that American merchants, advertising agents, theatrical producers and book publishers seem to have but one thought in mind when they order anything, to have something that is dry, severe, logical and quite without gayety. Too little faith is placed, by the American public, in things which are done primarily to amuse the artist, because that very amusement gives the work an engaging character and an arresting flavor. The French understand all this much better than we do. Every artist in France, every designer, every writer when he starts to do creative work, thinks only of amusing himself, while the artist in America thinks altogether too much of pleasing his patrons, or the public.

"But Clara Tice is a refreshing exception to this rule. She is an artist who in everything she does, obeys the subtle impulse to amuse herself; to enjoy and to make of her work an adventure in happiness. Clara Tice, for her own good, should have been born in Paris, but fortunately for us it was here in New York. In her we have an artist who has, all unconsciously, discovered a great truth: that a thing done to please a patron or delight the public, dies stillborn, while a thing done to delight its creator has already traveled a long way on the road to immortality."

Mr. Reiss's drawings are in vivid

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